

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 3. NO. 3.

ARLINGTON, MASS., OCTOBER 20, 1900.

TWO CENTS

STILL AT THE TOP!

We are the only, only. Do not be deceived by these so-called alluring advertisements calculating to give wrong impressions. Please bear in mind that our facilities for catering to the public of Arlington and vicinity are of the best, and no one has any better. Of what interest is it to the customer whether the goods are delivered from chopped ice, fish cart or automobile. Our only aim is to serve the public with nothing but the best of all kinds of fish in their season.

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DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS.

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Telephone, 37-2 Arlington.

EXPERIENCE PARTY.

We had a pleasant hour on Thursday evening at the meeting of the Woman's guild of St. John's Episcopal church. This was the first gathering of the guild this season, and it was styled "an experience party," for the reason that its members during the summer have each earned a dollar for the guild, and so on the evening of this first meeting the dollar was handed in to the treasurer with the story of its getting.

The hour was pleasantly opened by a piano duet by Miss Mabel Bascom and Mr. William Young, after which the Rev. James Yeames, the pastor of St. John's, spoke at some length of the object of the series of meetings of the guild to be held during the winter. Primarily, he said, the purpose was to bring out more fully the social side of the church. Mr. Yeames urged the importance of giving welcome to the stranger to the worship of St. John's church. Some one should be at the open door to give him greeting. The least one could do, he added, was to pass a hymn book or other to the stranger. He underlined the thought that everybody should be made to feel at home in St. John's Episcopal church. The church now represents a hundred or more families and something between three and four hundred men, women and children all counted. Mr. Yeames said an encouraging word of the Sunday school. An able assistant has been secured to aid the pastor in this work. Pleasant mention was made of the class of young girls who have just given an elegant new clock to the parish house. Mr. Yeames read in an effective way an interesting story, written by himself, the subject of which was "A gallant deed."

An interesting feature of the evening was the passing in of the dollars with the story following. It must be that our Episcopal friends are all born poets, for the individual dollar was given into the hands of the treasurer in most instances with the story of its earning told in rhyme. We wish we had space to reproduce all the telling poetry of the evening. We must, however, sample it, so here is how one woman of the guild told how she earned her dollar and a quarter:

To earn my dollar I have tried
Through many a busy week—
Washing and ironing, alas!
From friends in vain I seek.

For, dirtier than before, I found
Clothes issued from my tub;
And as for starch! oh, how 'twould stick
When with the iron I'd rub.

So then I turned upon my friends,
And cried with streaming eyes:
"What can I do my sum to earn?
Who'll buy my cakes and pies?"

"Candy I'll buy," said one sweet friend,
"To help you on, my dear."
So when I had four boxes sold
I had my dollar clear.

A friend of mine his knife had lost.
Said he: "A dime I'll pay
If any one can find it."
So I earned ten cents that way.

For fifteen cents a firm would send
My sister's hat from town;
She said: "If you will carry it
I'll pay the money down."

I've told you now how I have earned
My dollar and a quarter,
And if you haven't done the same
I hope you'll feel you ought to.

"Poets are" surely "born," not "made," so to sing in rhyme is the birthright of our Episcopal friends. A substantial sum of money was realized by this unique method of helping on the good work. Refreshments were served.

The officers of the guild are the following:

President, Mrs. Yeames.
Vice-president, Mrs. Arms.
Secretary, Mrs. Clark.
Treasurer, Mrs. Goldsmith.

Meetings are held the third Thursday of each month.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Enterprise:

Can nothing be done to prevent the killing of our songsters by the Italians of the North End? Where once we could walk and see many of our feathered friends we see now these foreigners with guns. As the birds fly south they gather in clans—the robin, bluebird ovenbirds, chickadees, are a few examples of birds now seen in flocks. The birds have become quite tame, and now is the time these bird-killers appear. They creep up on the birds as they feed on seeds of plants that bloomed during the summer months. The men then fire into the flocks, sometimes getting two or three at one shot. At the close of the day the brute has 20 or more birds to show, and on the next day his friend's will be seen scouring the woods and fields for more song-birds. These men also blaze away at whatever crosses their path, and the shot comes altogether too near if one happens to be out on a walk. It is about as dangerous as in the Maine woods during the hunting season.

What with cutting down our forest trees, shooting out of season and robbing birds' nests, soon no birds will be seen in our pastures, by glade or meadow, and the sad words of Longfellow may be repeated here:

"Think of your woods and orchards without
birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and
bushes!
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!"

Yes, something should be done to stop the killing of the birds that make music in our trees during spring and summer.

(Continued on page 4.)

A BRILLIANT RECITAL.

A brilliant recital was given on Wednesday evening by Miss Jessie Davis in the parlors of Mrs. Homer's residence on Pleasant street before a select and appreciative audience. The patronesses of the affair were Mrs. J. Q. A. Brackett, Mrs. E. D. Hooker, Mrs. R. W. Hopkins, Mrs. B. A. Norton, Mrs. W. A. Taft and Mrs. E. C. Turner. The programme so happily rendered was the following:

Greig	Sonata in C minor	Allegretto
(Nevin)	Miss Davis and Mr. Codman	Allegro
(Brahms)	Mrs. Hamilton	Vielle Chanson
(Tosti)	Concerto (last movement)	Minnelied
	Mr. Codman	Matinata
Chopin		(Berceuse)
(Cesar Cui)	Miss Davis	Waltz
(Mendelssohn)	Concerto (last movement)	Cavatina
(Veracini)	Mr. Codman	Pastoral
(Needham)	Mrs. Hamilton	Huabeen
(Chaminade)	Miss Davis	Chanson slave
Schutt		Canzonetta
Moszkowski		La Jongleuse

Miss Davis is an accomplished pianist. Her technique and delicate expression are, the choice translation of the "divine art." Her pleasing presence is a most favorable introduction to her audience. Miss Davis presides at the piano with all that grace and ease which are in keeping with the very soul of the highest type of music. Her many friends on Wednesday evening were rightfully enthusiastic in their reception of her classical rendition of selections from our best composers in the musical world.

Miss Davis was assisted by Mr. Codman, a violinist from Boston, and Mrs. Hamilton, also from Boston. Mr. Codman has become a good deal distinguished in his skilled manipulation of that wonderful instrument so nearly allied to the sweetest cadences of the human voice. Mr. Codman invests the violin with a rare intelligence. Mrs. Hamilton, the soprano, has a voice of far reach and of peculiar sweetness. She and Mr. Codman added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Among those present were the following:

Ex-Gov and Mrs. J. Q. A. Brackett	Mrs. G. C. Dolliver
Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Bushnell	Wm. B. Wood
Dr. and Mrs. Hooker	E. P. Stickney
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hopkins	H. Reed
B. F. Norton	Th. C. Homer
H. G. Porter	Marguerite Turner
S. H. Smith	Clara Taft
H. H. Hornblower	Sophia Freeman
C. Dougherty	Helen E. True
Homer	Nellie Smith
Mrs. W. A. Taft	Elvira Harrington
Clifford	Mr. Robert Bacon
S. V. Turner	Wilson Palmer
G. Freeman	Thos. Gray
Codman	Wm. T. Foster Jr.
H. A. Freeman	G. A. Smith
Wm. T. Foster	Everett Turner
	Hamilton
	Major

Correspondence.

Arlington, Oct. 19, 1900.

Editor Arlington Enterprise:

It is with unusual pleasure that I read in last week's Enterprise the article by Rev. S. C. Bushnell relating to the history of the Baptist church of this town, not because of the fact that the record of the church and society was thus prominently brought to the attention of the townspeople, but because of the brotherly spirit manifested by a pastor in a different denomination in voluntarily publishing an article, which so honorably presents to public notice the indomitable courage of the early Baptist church in its stand for the separation of church and state, and which so correctly credits the later Baptist constituency with feelings of hospitality and welcome for all who have a purpose to aid in the promulgation of gospel truth.

As the article may find a place in some scrap-books, allow me to correct two or three errors in dates:

The earliest records are dated Sept. 4, 1780 (not 1770).

The third meeting-house was dedicated Sept. 9, 1828 (not 1823).

The Sunday school was first convened in 1818, the year after the re-organization of the church in 1817, but on Oct. 21, 1828, a vote of the church appointed a committee, including the pastor, Rev. Ebenezer Nelson, to prepare a place in the meeting-house "for the new arrangement of the Sabbath school."

The 1871 repair expense is correctly given as over \$11,000, and the 1892 repairs were over \$9000. The society also paid off a debt of over \$4000 in 1870, since when no debt has been allowed to accumulate.

It may here be interesting to note that the pastors covering a period of nearly a half-century can be counted on the fingers of one hand: Dr. Samuel B. Swain, 1854-1862; Dr. John Duncan, 1863-1865; Rev. Amos Harris, 1866-1875; Dr. Chas. H. Spalding, 1875-1880; Dr. Chas. H. Watson, 1881 to present time.

Wm. E. Wood.

Mr. Henry Locke, who enlisted and went to the Philippines was wounded and placed in the hospital for three weeks, has returned home.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

Horse, Light Grocery Wagon in good order, also Meadowbrook Cart and 2 Sets (1 extra) Harness. Apply to D. W. Callaghan, 38 Dundee road, or Mass. avenue, near car station.

ADVERTISE.

Nemo Corsets

Are sold with guarantee that the bones and steels cannot cut through. The Nemo is the only corset with patent triple strip reinforcements.

The Nemo Self-Reducing is the only corset for stout women that positively reduces the abdomen, gives a graceful figure and assures a perfect fitting dress.

All this is accomplished by the Self-Reducing Idea, price \$2.50

The Nemo Hip Spring gives the effect of full hips to the thin woman, and reduces the hips of the too generous form. It has boneless, therefore unbreakable, sides, price \$1.75

The Nemo Full Dress Corset, short or long hip, straight front, white and black. \$1.00

Ladies' Jersey ribbed fleeced Vests and Pants, each 25c

Men's sanitary wool fleeced Shirts and Drawers, each 50

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The right store on the wrong side.

Belmont Crystal Spring Water

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D. L. TAPPAN, Prop. 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, WILLIAM WHYTAL, Finance Block, VERXA & VERXA, Post-office Block

Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.

Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's Drug Store, P. O. Block, will receive immediate attention.

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House and Kitchen Furnishings,

HAS A FULL LINE OF

Crockery, Glass, China and Tin Ware, Preserving Jars, Toilet and Fancy Articles, etc., etc., at

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Agent for the following specialties:

Angelus Flour, Revere Coffee, Hatchet Brand Canned Goods, Strafford Creamery Butter, Pure Bottled Cream.

Our meats are carefully selected. Our vegetables are grown on Arlington farms. For your patronage we will try to please and guarantee all goods as represented.

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Eight Mutual Companies, Ten Stock Companies. Office open daily and Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

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Stonemason and Builder,

EAST LEXINGTON.

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ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE
Published every Saturday morning at No. 620
Massachusetts avenue.
1.00 a year, in advance; Single copies, 2 cents

F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.
WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.

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10 cents per line.
Help and situation wants, for sale, to let,
etc., 12-15 cents per line; nothing taken less
than two lines.

THE APPROACHING ELECTION.

Don't for a moment suppose by the above heading that we are about to write a long partisan editorial upon the present national campaign. We are well nigh tired to death of this everlasting din of political strife. While both of the political parties are earnestly insisting that the very life of the Republic is in imminent danger in the event of the success of the "other party," we are thanking God, all the while that the government is safe in the hands of the people, whichever party succeeds at the polls in November. No, we do not write at this time of the national campaign, but of our more immediate home election.

We are just now not thinking of McKinley or Bryan, but of our representative, the Hon. J. Howell Crosby. This representative district has honored itself in the nomination for the third time of Mr. Crosby for the position he now so ably and honestly fills. Mr. Crosby is in no sense a politician, neither is he an offensive partisan. As we wrote in our last issue, he is a man of the people. His birth, education and home life bring him in touch with the masses. He believes in the people. Easy of approach, he gladly listens to any suggestion you may have to offer. A man inflexibly honest, he is safe, and through his representative life his constituents are safe from the despicable influences of the lobby. Interested as he is in all that concerns this people, he leaves nothing undone that has for its object the public welfare.

That Mr. Crosby will be re-elected by almost the unanimous vote of both parties is a foregone conclusion. But why not elect Mr. Crosby at the November election with an absolutely unanimous vote, having not a single ballot cast against him? Let it be understood that we here in Arlington and Lexington do things at the polls in a Washingtonian way, having but one candidate with no dissenting voice. Representative Crosby is eminently worthy of just such a unified election.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS AGAIN.

As we said in our Arlington news column last week, there is a disposition manifested on the part of many of our leading citizens and on the part of our school board that the curriculum of study should be made over anew, or so modified that the work of the teachers will be substantially lessened, and that the fret and worry of the pupils shall be reduced to a minimum. That all this is likely to be effected in the near future will be welcome news to the large majority of our patrons. While it is not our province to tell the school board and Principal Holt and Supt. Sutcliffe how all this may be done, yet we may suggest that much labor and time might be saved to the teachers if this everlasting record business and monthly card reporting were relegated to their "last home," and buried six feet under ground.

It is the testimony of teachers, not especially here in Arlington, but of those everywhere employed in the public schools, that so much unnecessary labor in detailed work is required of the teacher that in many instances he should have a private secretary to keep the books for a purpose that is largely useless, and in not a few instances a secretary is employed. We have no question that it would be the testimony of our Arlington teachers, were it called for, that this ciphering out the daily, weekly and monthly standing of the pupil, and making record of the same in the books kept for that purpose, would be to the effect that not only valuable time is lost, but in addition to all this and what is worse than all else, that the teachers become so nervously worn by this added work that they are a good deal unfitted in many instances for the ordinary duties of the classroom. And besides, their nervous, impatient condition becomes contagious, so that the pupils do not escape the nervous restlessness of the teacher. We say, as we have said so many times before, that the card reporting system should go, and go at once.

And then very greatly modify the more minute system of keeping the statistics of the several departments of our public schools. When all this shall have been effected, then the school board should turn its attention to some reduction in the multiplicity of studies as at present demanded by the course of study.

For these proposed modifications in our public school work let there be at an early date a public meeting of our citizens and school board, where an intelligent and full conference concerning so important and so vital a matter may be had.

IN HIS PLACE.

"Put yourself in his place" is the text of that charity which answers the scrip-

tural definition of the term. Whatever aid you may give to your neighbor needing help, if it is to count for the most, you yourself by your own intense personal being must go with the help you render. This doing things in a kind of half way usually amounts to little or nothing. It takes a personal life to meet and touch at every point some other personal life. We may give to the hungry soul simply that material food which will serve to keep his heart beating away at the rate of 72 pulsations a minute, but in order to bring that same poor hungry soul into the real life you must breathe upon him your own vital breath. The trouble with the most of us is that we vainly attempt to perform our individual duties and at the same time leave ourselves out of the doing.

"Put yourself in his place" is to give your life honestly and unreservedly to that other life which needs most of all heart and soul rather than that which is material. To live, and to live earnestly and rightly, is to catch something of the very life-blood of him or her who would successfully help you where the road is the hardest and the steepest. This cry for help is to be heard upon all sides of us, so no time should be lost in crying out "here am I, take me," and "take me just as I am." If the gift be an honest one, our very weaknesses can be made elements of strength not only to us but to others who are to receive the gift of a personal life with all its imperfections. The moment you "put yourself in his place" that other will put himself in your place, so that the exchange makes really a compound better and stronger in every way than is either of the simples alone. This is the kind of help we need here in Arlington—just the same kind that is needed everywhere. Suppose for a moment that we in this our home town were to make this mutual exchange of ourselves. What then, do you say? You might be sure in that event that we should have a stronger and higher development of manhood and womanhood, and from such development would come better churches, better schools and a better and a grander home life. And then would follow a greater material wealth. We can't walk along, however much we may try, for at best we shall stumble and fall. But each in the other's place, and then every man becomes a support to the other, so that let what would come we could only fall on one another, which angle of inclination by a philosophical law would make stronger the support.

"I AM A SELF-MADE MAN."

"I am a self-made man" is one of those supremely egotistical sayings which can only come from him whose horizon shuts down close about him. We have never known one achieving great things who did not gratefully recognize that God breathed into him the breath of life. Still these boasting specimens of self-made men are to be found everywhere, and it too frequently happens that not a few in every community will in a sickly and illogical way say such and such a one deserves our patronage and support because "he is a self-made man." Let us have done with such utter nonsense, and accept no ability that is worth the name that does not come from and is part of Omniscience. There isn't a single one of the professions that is not more or less brought into disrepute by these so-styled self-made men. They are hangers on. They are, as a whole, destructive to all intellectual work. The pulpit, the bar, the world of medicine, our public schools and the newspaper world are cursed and their level oftentimes brought down to a low grade by these self-made men.

Let us get back to the everlasting truth, and so gladly accept the fundamental fact that no man is self-made, and he who claims to be such is only a burlesque on men and women whom God has made. We have always had a good deal of respect for that man in scriptural story who having only one talent went and hid it in the earth instead of running about town saying: "See what an important man I am." This editorial is the direct outcome of what one of our Arlington men said to us the other day of a man living in near neighborhood who belongs to that class of self-made men who believe they own the earth and are in partnership with Deity. Our Arlington friend said to us of the man in question: "We ought to give him a liberal patronage because he is a self-made man," to all of which we stoutly objected. Any man with God left out is and must be a failure in the realm of intellect. Brains do not count when not emanating from Omniscience. Your self-made man can be sized up with the smallest kind of a linear rule. Don't longer talk to us about your self-made men. The men and women whom we are hunting up and for whom we are most desirous are those whom God has made.

THESE OCTOBER DAYS.

These brilliant days of October as seen under the softened light of our autumn skies come so near to us that we can but exclaim with hardly less than a divine enthusiasm how transcendently beautiful is all nature in her manifold tint and color! Tuesday was a day born of and for the immortals. All the world about was the poetical rendering of the great artist. We sang for very joy by reason of the morning in its diadem of colors.

We Arlington men and women should leave our work all half-completed if need be and get afield and so see for ourselves how exquisitely and beautifully attractive nature becomes in making ready for her restful sleep during the winter months.

We can but appeal to our school superintendent, Mr. Sutcliffe, that on these autumnal days so filled with all the wealth of earth and sky that he shorten his indoor afternoon sessions of the public schools and allow his pupils to

"Go forth under the open sky and list To nature's teachings."

What a delightful world is this in which we live, and especially at this golden season of the year! It is now that we all should be singing hallelujahs and hosannas. Thus can we sing while we say with Tennyson:

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

A REGARD FOR LAW.

A proper regard for law should early be taught the children. We more than half believe that parents and teachers in our public schools, partially at least, forget this lesson that should be learned during the time of one's childhood, and so thoroughly learned that the rights of property would be everywhere observed. We have in mind at this writing the old Academy building on Maple street. We very readily admit that the old schoolhouse is an eyesore to every one in town, and especially to those residing on Academy street. But this is no reason why boys should feel at liberty to throw stones at the windows of the building that has done its work, and done it well.

Now, boys, don't longer throw stones at or otherwise misuse the old Academy building. You have no right to do so, and by persisting in your lawless way you make yourselves liable to the demands of our police force. Let the old veteran schoolhouse remain undisturbed, for the time of its departure is near at hand. After the town election in November it will unquestionably be condemned and removed. So let its last days prove a peaceful going out from us.

THE WORK OF THE CHILDREN.

The work for "sweet charity's sake" of the eight girls of which we have written in detail in another column, affords an excellent lesson for our older grown. The eight girls entered so heartily into what they did for their fair in aid and encouragement of the unfortunate lame and crippled children at the Ravensbourne Convalescent home on Broadway that success was assured them from the very beginning. We have always claimed and do now that the children are our teachers in all good things. In the first place they have an unquestioning faith in their plays and in their work. They never begin to ask questions which imply doubt until we fathers and mothers and teachers block up their simple childish ways by our own little faith. To the child, things are what they seem. They live in a real world, as well as in a world of imagination. Indeed, their world of imagination is to them a world of reality; so naturally enough they set themselves about things which have a genuine existence. The children always go about their work with a well-defined purpose, not questioning the success which must follow. And then again there are no social or religious lines coming in to break up the unity of their efforts. What we older people need to do in all secular and religious instruction is to largely invert our present methods. Let the teacher who would instruct first receive instruction from the child.

In all matters of a supreme faith the boy and girl should become by right our John the Baptist, "crying aloud" and "preparing the way." We regard ourselves as peculiarly fortunate that we have in our home five normal teachers, the eldest of whom is eleven years of age, while the youngest is only three years, each one of whom is giving us daily lessons in all that is best and most to be desired. And then too the lesson is given in such a simple, natural way that we can do no other than receive it. We have not infrequently heard the children preach a whole sermon on faith—which was more effective with us than that preached by the Rev. D. D., with his paid choir and his \$10,000 salary. What we must do before we gather in the most is to "right about face" and so first of all recognize the children, for they are the divinely-appointed teachers of us all. Christ, the great teacher, so accepted them, or otherwise he would not have taken them in his arms and blessed them, saying that unless one becomes like them he cannot enter the kingdom. Yes, the children are well to the front, while we are 'way back in the rear. We may, however, catch up with them if we only evince the disposition to be led by them.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Read Hamilton Wright Maybrie's book entitled "In the forest of Arden." It is altogether captivating. We shall soon have more to say of it.

Bryan had a big reception in New York City on Tuesday evening, and since then he has been having crowds through western New York.

Two weeks from next Tuesday will tell the story for the next four years so far as the chief executive of the nation is concerned. Meanwhile both parties are daily declaring their candidate elected.

Senator Huntress of this district has in his one year in the state senate made a most honorable record. He stands among the very first in point of legislative ability as a state senator. Mr. Huntress shirks no duty, while on the other hand he anticipates the wants of his district. Let us give Senator Huntress a rousing majority at the polls.

The satisfactory settlement of the coal strike just before election by the coal barons, forced by the political situation, is a righteous yet foxy move by the politicians. Had it have been after election there would have been no raise of 10 per cent. The poor people all rejoice at the good news.

MARRIED.

GILL-STEVENSON.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 17, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. John Rhey Thompson, D. D., assisted by the Rev. Frederic Gill, brother of the groom, Charles A. Gill and Grace Eleanor Stevens, both of Brooklyn.

CASHMAN-BATEMAN.—In Arlington, Oct. 9, by Rev. A. S. Malone, Patrick Cashman of Arlington and Elizabeth J. Bateman of Somerville.

CONNOLLY-FLAHERTY.—In Arlington, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. S. Malone, Michael J. Connolly of Watertown and Delia Flaherty of Somerville.

DIED.

HUBERT.—In Arlington Heights, Oct. 12, Octavia Hubert, aged 71 years.

TUFTS.—In Arlington, Oct. 14, Isabella S. Tufts, aged 68 years.

CHANDLER.—In Boston, Oct. 13, Lucy S., widow of the late Leonard Chandler of Lexington, and sister of Joseph S. LeBaron of this town, aged 65 years, 1 month, 5 days.

Arlington, Sept. 20, 1900.

At a regular meeting of the St. Malachi court, No. 81, M. C. O. F., a committee was appointed to draft a set of resolutions on the death of our late and respected financial secretary, Francis A. Spain, and in performing this duty we desire in behalf of said court to extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family and friends of our late lamented brother.

WHEREAS: It has pleased our heavenly father in his all-seeing and powerful wisdom to take from our midst our loving associate and honorable financial secretary, Francis A. Spain; and

WHEREAS: In his earnest effort and zealous cooperation in all matters pertaining to Forestry, the existence of St. Malachi court, No. 81, is largely due; therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That we bow submissively to the divine will of our heavenly father, and that we extend to the widow and family of our late brother member our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of trial and sorrow; and be it further RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our records as a token of our esteem, and that a copy of said resolutions be engrossed and forwarded to his family, and that the press of the city of Boston be given notification of our action; so that our brother Foresters may know of the loss which St. Malachi court has sustained in his sad death.

Committee: MICHAEL S. DREW,
EDWARD E. ARBON,
Resolutions: JOHN McGRATH.

Band of 1st Battalion Cavalry, M. V. M.
ELMER E. TOWNE, Bandmaster.

ELMER E. TOWNE'S ORCHESTRA.
The above organizations receive the patronage of prominent society people and the leading military and civic bodies of Boston and vicinity. Recommendations from the same, and press comments cheerfully furnished. Special attention given to Masonic engagements. Telephone, Oxford, Knickerbocker building, 179 Tremont street, Boston. oc13m

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Six rooms, bath and set tubs.

Four minutes' walk to electric and steam cars.

Apply at the house.

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3rd SEASON.

Will open for the Fall and Winter Season,

MONDAY, Sept. 3, 1900.

Thorough instructions given on Piano, Violin, Flute, Clarinet, Guitar, etc.

Any number of musicians, including a good prompter, furnished for all occasions at reasonable prices. For terms, address,

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has moved his office to

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in the Finance building.

For Sale or to Let,

House and Stable, 31 Mt. Vernon street, spring water, eight rooms and bath. J. P. Dennett.

Huyler's Chocolate Cream

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PERHAM'S.

is to be had at

KIMBALL'S, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

His Lunch service is unsurpassed. Try our Ice Cream Soda—none better.

THE BEST ICE CREAM

is to be had at
KIMBALL'S, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

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All Kinds of
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Telephone 133-3.
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Dealer in

Coals, Wood, Hay, Straw

Grain, Lime, Cement, Plaster,
Hair, Fertilizers, Sand, Drain
and Sewer Pipes, etc.

Teaming: Pillsbury Flour, New England Gas
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Telephone, 8-2 Arlington

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Hack and Livery Stable,

Mass. Ave., Arlington

Having practically rebuilt the inside
of my stable, and added ten new stalls, I
am now prepared to take new boarders.
I secure first class board and right prices.
Teams sent and called for.

**Have your Watches
and Clocks repaired
at Wetherbee Bros.,
Swan's block.**

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AT**

Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

21 MILL ST.

Special attention paid to Over-
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Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced
workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses called
for and returned.

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& SON,

**Undertakers
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For Funerals, Weddings, Even-
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Hairdresser,

943 Mass. ave., Arlington

STOP

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Whittemore's

Quinine Hair Tonic,

Fully warranted.

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HAIRDRESSER,

Cor Mass. Ave. and Mystic St.

Children's hair cutting a spec-
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311 BROADWAY,
Opposite Soldiers' Monument.

One of the Cleanest in the State!

NO FISH CART!

All goods delivered
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All kinds of Fish in their season.

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Arlington, Mass

J. C. RAUCH, Proprietor.

Accommodations for transients and table
boarders. Stable connected. Telephone 56-9.

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of my stable, and added ten new stalls, I
am now prepared to take new boarders.
I secure first class board and right prices.
Teams sent and called for.

**"It's Cheaper to Move
than Pay Rent."**

We move you out or move you in, just
which way you happen to be going,
and guarantee you just as good a job as
if you were always moving.

Piano and Furniture Moving.

We also have an express that runs too
and from Boston daily, that will call for
your parcels and deliver them promptly.

Boston Offices—36 Court Sq., 48 Chatham St.,
order box, Faneuil Hall Sq.
Arlington Offices—Cushing's Store at Heights,
Town Hall corner Henderson St.

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Residence at 677 Mass avenue.

Monument View Store,

305 Broadway,

LEONARD H. PAYNE

PROPRIETOR.

A full line of

Choice Family Groceries

at Boston prices. Don't go to
Boston to make your purchases.

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Window Screen

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Screen repairing a specialty.

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Framing, Furniture Repairing and Repolishing.
General House Work done in first-class manner.

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BICYCLES.

F. R. DANIELS,

606 Mass. Avenue,
Arlington.

All the leading styles in col-
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E. PRICE,

Blacksmith and

Wheelwright

Horseshoeing and Job-
bing promptly attended
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Carriage and Sign Paint-
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Enterprise \$1

For Funerals, Weddings, Even-
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Whittemore's

Quinine Hair Tonic,

Fully warranted.

ARLINGTON NEWS.

Hereafter, all preliminary notices of church fairs, socials, etc., to which an admission fee is asked, will only be inserted in these columns at the rate of 10 cents per line, unless an advertisement of such appears in our advertising columns.

Don't fail to register if you desire to vote for your choice of president.

Mr. Thomas Lynch had his finger badly jammed while working on Eureka, but it is much better now.

Circle lodge, No. 77, A. O. U. W., hold a smoke talk in Grand Army hall Nov. 2. A fine time is looked for.

It is reported that whist is to be more than ever the popular game here in Arlington the coming winter.

In going into the house Thursday the pole of the wagon of Hose 2 was broken. A new one was made at Gott's factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wellington of New York City dined on Monday with the uncle and aunt of Mrs. Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua G. Dodge, Russell street.

In the issue of pension changes of Oct. 1, Mr. Murdock McLeod of 436 Mass. avenue has been granted an increase of \$8.

A few of Bethel lodge members went with Caleb Rand lodge of Somerville to pay Gov. Gore lodge of Waltham a fraternal visit.

Mr. G. W. Russell is to move into the Robbins house, next to the library, and will run the same as a private hotel. Already every room is taken.

Mr. Rodney J. Hardy of Lake street returned yesterday from a business trip to Vermont, taking in on his way the magnificent foliage of northern New England.

Three boys, for violating the town by-laws by loitering about the steps of business places, were each fined \$3 this week in court. We trust this will be a lesson to others.

Be sure and attend the Republican rally next Thursday evening in Town hall. Good speakers have been engaged, our next senator and representative among them.

Hose 2 wagon has gone into Gott's carriage factory for repairs, a new brake and painting. For a long time the repairs have been needed. An old express wagon is on for duty.

The large spire on St. Malachy's church, which will soon be known as St. Anne's church, the name being changed, is now completed and the staking being removed.

The young ladies have been so successful in their work at the food sales that they have decided to hold them regularly on Saturday afternoons at the vestry of the Universalist church.

The Woman's club will hold its first meeting of the season in Grand Army hall on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 1st. The partial prospectus of the club will be issued to the members next week.

After five years of faithful service as conductor on the B. E. R. R., Mr. James Collins has severed his connection. During these years he has been popular with the travelling public and was well liked.

Mr. E. C. Litchfield, our former photographer, was in town this week buying lumber for a house he is to build for a residence for himself. Mr. Litchfield has not bought a studio as reported.

Why can't arrangements be made whereby we can have two or three popular lectures here this winter, and so bring all our townspeople together for instruction? Who will be first to move in the matter?

While John McDevitt attempted to drive down from Broadway on to the Purcell Brother's farm Monday the team went down the embankment, dumping his load of calves and bending the top of his wagon.

Miss Edith Fowle, daughter of Mr. Fred A. Fowle, started Sunday afternoon for Washington, D. C., to be the guest of her brother, who holds a lucrative and important position in that city for the government.

Mr. Patrick Flynn, the well-known contractor and builder of East Lexington, gave this office a pleasant call on Tuesday. Mr. Flynn is busy the year round. Just now he has two contracts at Arlington Heights.

The resolutions which we publish today for St. Malachy's court for their deceased brother, F. A. Spain, have been handsomely engrossed and framed, and will be presented to his widow this evening by the committee.

The registrars met last evening. The last chance for registering will be next Saturday evening. Be sure you register by all means. The registrars will go to Arlington Heights next Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

That smokeless fuel, "Otto" coke, may be burned in any furnace, stove, range or grate suitable for coal. It lights quickly, and there is about it no dust and no smoke. Peirce & Winn Co. are selling lots of this coke.

Selectman Farmer returned home Monday from his deer and bird hunt in the state of Maine. He brought home one of his trophies, and Mr. Oscar Needham dressed it and cut the same up. It was very tender and fine eating.

Miss Jeanette Schouler, who resides in New York City during the winter months, has been for a few days this week visiting her mother at 173 Pleasant street. Miss Schouler has spent most of the summer up in the mountains in New Hampshire.

It is understood that Thanksgiving day will be observed on Thursday, Nov. 29. Although no official announcement has been made to this effect, still the foot ball game arrangements, it is said, have substantially settled the matter.

The committee on repairs for Eureka met Wednesday evening and decided to have the engine put in proper shape. The principal cause for her bad showing the past few summers has been discovered. Eureka is all right when in proper shape.

This week the clock dials have been completed, and they look 100 per cent. better with the new gold leaf on the

numerals and the black background. The falls were removed Wednesday by Mr. John C. Waage and his men. Both clock and church reflect credit upon Mr. Waage as a painter.

At 9.45 o'clock last Saturday evening Walter Dorr of Woburn collided with Dr. Stickney's team which was standing in front of Mr. J. F. Hobb's residence on Mass. avenue, overturning both vehicles but neither of the occupants being injured. The doctor's carriage was somewhat damaged.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Pleasant street Congregational church will celebrate its 14th anniversary tomorrow evening. The meeting will be held in the vestry at the usual hour, 6.30. A special program, with vocal and instrumental music, has been prepared, and everyone is most cordially invited to be present.

Prof. Bendix, who is always a busy man with his music, is especially busy this season. On the evening of Nov. 14 he is to furnish music for the policemen's ball. On Thanksgiving eve he plays for Div. 43, A. O. H., and on Thanksgiving evening he furnishes music for a distinguished party to be given in Cambridge.

On Saturday morning of last week we called upon Mr. Freeman Wood at his place in Providence. Mr. Wood, who is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Wood, Mass. avenue, holds a prominent and responsible position in Steiner's pianoforte rooms on Westminster street, Providence. Mr. Wood gave us an Arlington welcome, and paid us all that attention which made our call so pleasant to us.

Mr. Charles A. Gill of Brooklyn, N. Y., brother of Rev. Frederic Gill of the First Parish (Unitarian) church, Arlington, was married on Wednesday in Brooklyn to Miss Grace Eleanor Stevens. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's mother in Brooklyn by Rev. Dr. J. R. Thompson. Rev. Mr. Gill assisting. Mr. C. A. Gill is connected with the staff of the head office of the Commercial Cable Co., New York.

Upon reaching home last Friday evening Mr. Joseph S. LeBaron received a telegram from Boston, stating his sister, Mrs. Leonard Chandler, widow of the late Mr. Leonard Chandler of Lexington, was very low and not expected to live. She died Saturday morning, the funeral being held from the residence of her brother, Mr. Mr. Harvey E. LeBaron, on Harrison avenue, at 11 a. m. on Tuesday morning. The interment was in the family lot in Lexington.

A great transformation scene has been going on the past week on Broadway and at the brook. Great progress has been made in the work, and one will hardly know the place at the bridge. The stone work is nearly done and filling in going on rapidly. The road at this point will be very wide. The macadamizing is rapidly going forward. The deep cut in the sidewalk at Mr. Brady's property, nearly opposite Winter street, leaves the foundation walls all bare, with the front entrance cut off.

Last Friday evening Mr. R. W. LeBaron, father, mother, sister and brother, returned from a two weeks' camping out on the Concord river, near Fairhaven bay. Although they had had, rainy weather, yet the whole family enjoyed themselves hugely. Game was in abundance, and when not fishing the gun was used, and many a squirrel and bird was brought down. Mr. LeBaron's father caught the largest pickerel ever seen in these waters. It measured 23 1/2 inches, the head of which is now on exhibition in the shop in Swan's block.

That eagle in the window of Tilden's drug store is a beautiful specimen of its kind, being pronounced by a professor of Harvard college as of the bald-headed family and its age about two years also that it does not become bald until about 8 years of age. The eagle was shot in the wing by Mr. E. S. Chapman, superintendent of the cemetery, in the lower Mystic, when over 200 feet in the air. The shot only stunned the bird and it fell into the water. The superintendent had no intentions of losing his prize, so into the water he went and secured his prize, he receiving a bad bite between the fingers in the tussle. The bird measures 8 ft. 1 in. from the tip of one wing to that of the other. It was probably blown in with the gale on Tuesday and captured. Crowds have had a look at the eagle.

A most delightful surprise was given Mrs. Charles R. Hoyt of 18 Water street, Thursday evening, it being her birthday. Her host of friends made this birthday a memorable one, and will long be remembered by the hostess and those who were present. The young men who board at her house presented her with a hoop ring, studded with five fire opals—a really beautiful ring. She was also the recipient of many more presents, among them being a Bohemian vase and tabouret. The hostess immediately set about making those who had surprised her equally surprised by the many attentive and pleasant methods devised by her, for Mrs. Hoyt is a genial entertainer. The evening was spent in whist and music, closing with a fine collation. A flashlight photograph was taken of the happy group.

The children's fair which was held on Saturday afternoon by Pauline Russell, Rena Clifford, Rachel Norton, Frances Mackay, Mildred Mackay, Doris Allen, Edna Worthley and Helen Ross was a very interesting as well as a very successful affair. The history of the fair tells the happy thought these eight little girls have for the poor and the unfortunate. As early as last June these young misses came together and planned this fair for the benefit of the lame and crippled children of the Ravensbourne Convalescent home on Broadway. Since that date they have held two meetings each week, at which time each girl contributed two cents for necessary expenses. All sorts of useful articles were made and sent in by those interested. At the fair there was the fancy table, at which Rachel Norton and Edna Worthley presided. The candy table was in charge of Rena Clifford and Frances Mackay. Pauline Russell and Helen Russell had the cake table, while Doris Allen and Mildred Mackay had charge of the bundle table. A beautiful doll, tastefully dressed by Mrs. Franklin Russell, was voted for in the shape of 60 guesses at 10 cents a guess. No one was fortunate enough to guess the name of the miniature girl, so the projectors of the fair gave in a thoughtful way the doll to Mildred Mackay, who was at home ill. The fair netted \$64. The Enterprise extends its congratulations to these eight young Samaritans on the eminent success of their benevolent work. They richly deserve the highest commendation, and they are receiving it. But the greatest satisfaction must come to them in the aid and comfort they have given to those needing it.

That sermon to which we referred last week was preached by the Rev. S. C. Bushnell, pastor of the Pleasant street Congregational church, from the text, "Ye have been called unto liberty." The sermon in itself was an objective illustration of the text. Mr. Bushnell is among the foremost of his profession who believes in a progressive revelation of all things, and what is evident to all who know the Rev. Mr. Bushnell, he has the courage to speak his convictions. Mr. Bushnell well said in the sermon to which reference is herein made that "the tendency of the mind is to be satisfied with the truth one has. It costs something to gain new truth. It costs effort, and we prefer to expend our effort in some other way. It means enlargement, expansion, and we are easily content." And again he says "the Bible is indeed closed," meaning of course a completed volume; but he adds that "revelation is not closed. That is still going on. We have a very wrong idea of the Bible if we suppose it to be final because in and through it God speaks to man. It is authoritative, but not final. It contains many of God's words, but not his last word. God is not imprisoned in a book." We are especially glad that Mr. Bushnell declared from his pulpit that last sentence. At this season of the year, when this northern country of ours is flooded with the dazzling glory of the creator, God is to be seen everywhere, and in so attractive and emphatic a form that one would be justified in closing his Bible that he might see God so manifest in the transcendent glories of these autumn days. The sermon Rev. Mr. Bushnell preached upon a continuous revelation does much credit to his honesty and his ability and manly courage.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH NOTES.

The Girls' Friendly society meets in the Parish house on Wednesdays at 7.45 p. m.

Early celebration of the holy communion at St. John's church, Academy street, tomorrow morning at 7.30.

A parlor meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance union will be held in Pleasant hall on Tuesday evening at 7.30.

The programme for the quarter was arranged, a spelling contest being fixed for next Tuesday. The society meets in the Parish house, Maple street, on Tuesday evenings at eight o'clock, and is open to all young men.

A Bible class for young men in charge of Mr. Gould of Cambridge Theological school and Harvard university, will be begun at St. John's church tomorrow after morning service. A cordial invitation is given to young men to join this class.

The Rev. James Yeames will preach at both services in St. John's tomorrow. Morning at 10.30, evening at 7.30. In the evening the second lecture in the series on the ten commandments will be given. Subject, "The second commandment, or worship."

St. John's Young Men's society met and elected officers on Tuesday evening: President, The rector. Vice-president, Mr. Charles LeBuff. Secretary, Mr. M. H. Oliver. Treasurer, Mr. David Beattie. Collector, Mr. Herbert LeBuff.

At the regular meeting of the Loyal Temperance legion, held at the Parish house of St. John's Episcopal church on Monday afternoon, the following officers were elected:

Superintendent, Rev. James Yeames. President, Waldo Bacon. Secretary, Harold Needham. Treasurer, Frank Needham. Chaplain, Florence Streeter. Registrar, Florence Irwin. Guard, Clarence Holt. Usher, Dorothea Gillett. Pianist, Frank Needham.

After the election of officers the members listened to an instructive lesson by the superintendent, the meeting was closed by singing and the benediction.

The legion meets after school on Monday afternoons, in the Parish house, Maple street.

GOLF CLUB.

A medal handicap was played on the local links on Saturday, there being two classes for men and a nine-hole match match for women. The scores:

Class A	Gross	H'cap	Net
W A Sears	108	33	75
H P Wood	97	14	83
W G Rice	131	36	95
G E Foster	147	36	111
Class B	Gross	H'cap	Net
G O Hill	108	10	98
G Gray	122	10	112
W T Foster Jr	124	10	114
J O Gray	134	20	114
Women	Gross	H'cap	Net
Miss A Homer	84	25	59
Miss F Hill	93	30	63
Miss E Homer	94	30	64
Mrs W E Rice	80	15	65
Miss A Parker	81	15	65
Miss E Teel	96	20	76

The club will hold a driving match and an approaching and putting contest on the links this afternoon.

The following interesting letter to Mr. K. S. Kristenson, 30 Pine street, was received by him from his brother in Galveston:

Galveston, Texas,
Sept. 15, 1900.

Dear Ben and family:

To try to describe the horror and destruction this storm caused in four hours is impossible. The man is not made yet who could describe such a thing. There is not a house in Galveston that is not wrecked more or less. All the brick buildings seem to have suffered the most. A good many of them buried hundreds of people under them. How many people is lost will never be known. Everybody down the island is gone. Out of 1500 there are about 50 saved. 374 blocks have been swept perfectly clean. All the churches are down, all the schools are ruined, and everything is desolate.

A big tramp steamer is up at Morgan's point, 36 miles up the bay. Another tramp steamer went up West bay, and went through all the railroad bridges, so it must have blown. It blew 96 miles an hour when the weather bureau instruments broke, and to estimate the wind at its highest it must have blown 110 to 115 miles an hour.

I will now tell you how we got saved. The tide from first thing in the morning was pretty high, although it was not flowing so much, but kept increasing, so at dinner time instead of going home I went to see how Annie was, as the water generally gets up there first. When I got there I found she had gone to some neighbor's, and I went there and got her. She came home with me, as we live on a pretty high spot, but by the time we got home the water was already in the street, and at four o'clock my house was rocking so that, being a two-story house, I was afraid it would fall in. So we went over to Suderman's. They live across the street from us, but in a cottage, and I thought it would not be so bad. At five o'clock the gulf was about 4 1/2 to 5 feet in the yard. We got Suderman's buggy and drove the woman and children to Avenue O, which is the highest street on the island. We left them with Stevedore William Morris. When Suderman came for the last load to take the servant girl, Adolph Dolson and myself, the tide was too high. Then we tried to take the servant girl between us and wade, but when we got some distance she fainted, and we had to get back to the house with her and stay there. The house was blowing to pieces as to blinds and doors and roof. I saw a big house coming drifting down on us, and I knew when it struck the house we would be gone. So I told everybody to run and get into the next house, which belonged to Ben Dolson but rented to Mrs. Sage. I got hold of a door blind just long enough to reach from one window to the other, and we all slid in.

We had not more than got in when the house struck Suderman's and ours. We tried for the next house, but had the pleasure of seeing the houses knock one another down like ten-pins. Well, we went adrift with the house rocking like a ship, and with four feet of water in it. We must have gone at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour, as it took less time than it takes to tell it before we landed two blocks away against another big house that had been stopped by two telegraph poles. When we smashed against it the debris piled up between the two houses, so I managed to get on to the roof and help up the girl with me, and we stayed there until four o'clock next morning, when we found out the water had gone down. There must have been at least five feet of water over the highest place in Galveston.

You can imagine the heartfelt meeting when we came together and found out we were all safe. But of course everybody has lost everything. Dolson lost everything except his home. Fifty thousand dollars won't cover what was lost in Dolson's family. We are living on rations served out by the relief committee. I got an order for \$16 worth of dry goods for Jennie, Annie and the children.

We can't find a splinter of Gus's house. I found mine sunk down pretty close to where it stood, and I got some bedclothes out of it. The sight next morning was something awful. You could see men and women with four and five children tied to them floating around dead. The bay is afloat with them. The estimate at first was 5000 dead, but it looks as if it will go closer to 10,000. Well I can't write any more. Love to all.

Heinrich Graf Heininger, a noted explorer and scientist, tells a remarkable story of his capture and escape from a tribe of Bola Bola men in the wilds of Africa. These people, says the count, are remarkable in many ways, but most surprising is their great age, many living to be 150 years old, although 100 to 125 years is the average age. Our German friend and his companion soon discovered the cause of their longevity. After two years they made their escape, not, however, till they had learned the secrets of these magnificently preserved people, how they prolong life, retain health, in fact they have discovered a veritable fountain of youth. "Longavita" ad. in another column tells you all about it.

DAVID CLARK,
22 years in the hacking business, is still at the same business at
10 MILL STREET, ARLINGTON.

Rubber-tired carriages for funerals, weddings and evening parties. Also a wagonette for pleasure parties. Tel. connection. Thoroughly repairing and pressing neatly done.

ROBBINS SPRING HOTEL

Arlington, Mass.

The most healthful and delightful winter home in the north. Convenient to trains and electric. Commands a magnificent view. Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Carriages always at Robbins road. Telephones, billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys, golf links, music.

Terms: \$3 per day, \$12 to \$20 per week.

Telephone, 155-4 Arlington

L. B. WILLIAMS, Manager.



Something Sweet and Tempting

can be found at all times in our choice baking of ornamental and layer cakes, fancy cakes, loaf and fancy cakes, fine pastry, delicious breads, rolls, biscuits and bake-stuffs of all kinds, that will suit the most epicurean palate. Don't waste time and money baking when we will serve you with goods baked from the highest grade materials at low prices.

N. J. HARDY,

Baker and Caterer.

657 Mass. ave

J. W. HARRINGTON,

SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.
Business established about 1858.

Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.

All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining. Painting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st.

Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

IF YOU WANT

Ice Cold Soda, Moxie, etc.,

CALL IN AT

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Arlington Central Pharmacy

ESTABLISHED 1853

KNOWLES & MARDEN, PLUMBERS.

Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,

Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings!

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J. H. EDWARD'S Prop.

Main Office, Monument View House.
Opp. Soldiers' Monument.

Order Box Faneuil Hall Market.

Baggage checked to all depots and steamboat wharves or transferred to destination.

If you have any Expressing, Piano or Furniture Moving to do please give us a call.

We have the largest business and can give better results than any other express in Arlington. Telephone, 122-3 Arlington

Two Trips Daily. First Team Due at 1.30 p. m.

A. BOWMAN,

Ladies' and Gents'

TAILOR,

487 Mass. ave., Arlington.

ALTERING, CLEANING, DYEING, PRESSING.

Right in the Lead in Fall Styles

we are as usual, and we have the cream of the looms of England, Scotland and America in all the new and handsome colors and mixtures in samples and stock to choose from. We will cut to your measure, make and fit in our usual exquisite and elegant style, a suit of clothing that will be correct and well style, at a reasonable price.



JOHN D. ROSIE, MERCHANT TAILOR,

P. O. Building, Arlington, Mass.

Repairing and Pressing neatly done.

Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

Winter arrangement. In effect October 8, 1900.

TRAINS TO BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—5.30, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.37, 8.53, 10.07, 11.19, A. M. 12.18, 1.00, 2.18, 3.54, 4.23, 4.45, 5.19, 6.47, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18 P. M. Sunday, 9.24, A. M., 12.08, 2.23, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.25, 9.30, A. M., 12.30, 1.02, 2.30, 3.56, 4.25, 4.48, 5.21, 6.50, 8.20, 9.30, 10.20, 1. M. Sundays, 9.27, A. M. 1.00, 2.25, 3.14, 4.38, 6.18, 8.28, P. M.

Arlington—5.30, 6.12, 6.42, 7.00, 7.32, 8.02, 8.32, 9.02, 9.15, 9.41, 9.50, 9.57, 10.12, 11.24, A. M. 12.23, 1.05, 2.23, 3.54, 4.28, 4.51, 5.24, 5.46, 6.20, 6.53, 6.56, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, A. M., 1.03, 2.28, 3.17, 4.40, 6.21, 8.31, P. M.

Lake Street—5.38, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 7.58, 8.19, 9.08, 10.15, 11.20, A. M., 12.25, 1.07, 2.25, 4.01, 4.30, 5.27, 5.49, 6.23, 6.59, 7.18, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, P. M. Sunday, 9.33, A. M. 1.00, 2.31, 3.20, 4.43, 6.24, 8.34, P. M.

*Express. †Saturdays only.

TRAINS FROM BOSTON FOR

Arlington Heights—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M. 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 8.45, P. M.

Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M. 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 8.45, P. M.

Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.00, 7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M. 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 8.45, P. M.

Lake Street—6.25, 6.42, 7.00, 7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M. 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 8.45, P. M.

*Express. †Saturdays only.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Pass and Ticket Agent.

No Glasses at all

Is certainly better than to have the wrong kind; for by using those which are unsuitable, new errors of refraction are caused. But with the right glasses, original, progressive or acquired errors are corrected and pass away as if they had never existed. I take great pains with my corrections and my fittings, and make no charge for thorough examinations.

FRED W. DERBY,

Refraction Optician.

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Arlington Heights, Mass.

Eight miles from Boston.

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J. C. WAAGE, House, Sign, and Decorative Painting.

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TELEPHONE, 149-2 ARLINGTON.

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SWAN'S BLOCK,

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JEWELRY STORE

on or about Sept. 1, when they will be pleased to show you a fine line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, etc. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by Ivers L. Wetherbee, late with A. Stowell & Co., Boston.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION. feb17

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Mr. Benjamin G. Jones went to Albany, N. Y., Saturday, on a business trip.

Mr. D. W. Callaghan is to commence building a single family house on his lot on Dundee road.

Mrs. Harlan Bean's gold watch was found in a Boston pawn shop this week by Chief Harriman.

Don't forget to register Wednesday evening. The registrars meet in Union hall at 7.30 o'clock.

We hear there is a movement on foot for the formation of a Good Templar lodge in this locality.

Please do not forget that Derby will compound your drugs accurately and promptly. He is an expert.

The work of curbing both sides of the road-bed over the bridge and paving the gutters is rapidly going on. This will help the appearance of the avenue.

The Sunshine club held their first moonlight party of the season at the home of Mrs. W. O. Partridge, 9 Claremont avenue, on Thursday evening.

Last Saturday Mr. Cushing telegraphed his wife he had reached Seattle, and was about to start immediately for home, expecting to reach here Monday.

Mr. Charles Barry, son of Officer Barry has purchased the lunch cart at the heights of Mr. A. C. LaBree, who runs the handsome cart at the center. Charles will personally run the cart.

Contractor Flynn has commenced putting in the cellar for Mr. Snow's house on Tanager street. In fact, Mr. Flynn seems to be putting in all the cellars lately on the hill. Honest work tells with him.

On Sunday, Oct. 28, there will be a harvest concert in the Baptist church. The inside of the edifice will be appropriately decorated. A special and interesting program is being arranged for the occasion.

Thursday evening a Miss Stella B. Stoddard of Concord Junction was nearly overcome by a fainting spell on an electric and taken into Derby's drug store. After fully recovering she took the train home.

There will be preaching at the Park Avenue Congregational church to-morrow at 10.45 a. m., Sunday school at 12 noon, with the usual young people's meeting in the evening. The pastor will preach. All are welcome.

Tomorrow the services at the Baptist church, corner of Park and Westminster avenues will be as follows: Preaching at 10.45 a. m., Sunday school at 12 m., evening service at 7. Friday evening prayer meeting at 7.45. Rev. A. W. Lorimer pastor; residence, 144 Forest street.

Gortano Uarana, an Italian residing on Prince street, Boston, met with a painful accident last Saturday afternoon, while at work in a trench on Tanager street. The earth caved in and broke his leg and he was also severely cut about the head. Dr. Hooker was called and the unfortunate was removed to the Mass. General hospital by Officers Irwin and Cody.

Conductor Murray is being congratulated on all sides over his recent marriage to Miss Forsythe of Auburndale. His friends are bound to get even with him for not informing them of the event, and will see that he is properly serenaded in the near future. We have the authority to state a band has been hired. Mr. Murray is one of our popular conductors and the boys are going to prove this to his entire satisfaction.

Mr. Eben Wilfred, the courteous carriage driver, has the sympathy of neighbors and friends in the loss of his wife. Mrs. Wilfred went to the state hospital at Tewksbury a few days ago, when her case was pronounced incurable. Yesterday he received a telegram she had died suddenly, and the news came as a shock for no one thought she was in so precarious a condition. Mrs. Wilfred was the mother of Mrs. Russell Barr of Lancaster road.

An audience which taxed the seating capacity of the handsome little church greeted Rev. Walter Calley of the Bowdoin square tabernacle, Boston, on Wednesday evening, the occasion being his lecture on "Life among the Arabs," with stereoscopic views, given in the Baptist church. The views were exceedingly interesting, and were illustrative of Arab life and scenery. Mr. Calley as a speaker holds the closest attention of his audience, and his opening remarks won their entire confidence. He has a pleasing vein of humor which he freely exercised during the evening. The lecture was very instructive and much appreciated.

Courting in Cordova.

At night Cordova sleeps early. A few central streets are still busy with people, but the rest are all deserted, the houses look empty, there is an almost oppressive silence. Only here and there as one passes heedlessly along a quiet street one comes suddenly upon a cloaked figure, with a broad brimmed hat, leaning against the bars of a window, and one may catch through the bars a glimpse of a vivid face, dark hair and a rose (an artificial rose) in the hair.

Not in any part of Spain have I seen the traditional Spanish lovmaking, the cloak and hat at the barred window, so frankly and so delightfully on view. It brings a touch of genuine romance which is almost difficult for those who know comic opera better than the countries in which life is still in its way a serious travesty to take quite seriously. Lovers' faces on each side of the bars of a window at night in a narrow street of white houses—that, after all, and not even the miraculous mosque, may perhaps be the most vivid recollection that one brings away with one from Cordova.—Saturday Review.

EAST LEXINGTON.

Mrs. Bullard, wife of the Rev. Mr. Bullard of Sylvia street, has almost fully recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. John Hanscom of Deep River Conn., is paying a short visit to her mother-in-law, Mrs. Jane Hanscom, of Independence avenue.

One of the most beautiful of days, a hurricane, a rain-storm and a frost, all inside of twenty four hours during the past week. Did you get your kind of weather?

Mrs. Lucius A. Austin, the wife and co-worker of our genial postmaster, is spending a week with friends in Southbridge, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Austin have fully demonstrated to the public, their ability to run a first-class store in a first class manner.

There are plans being formed for the organization of a juvenile band under the leadership and instruction of Mr. John E. Wright of Curve street. Mr. Wright is well known as an all-round musician, and we heartily wish them all kinds of success.

Mr. W. L. Farnham has resigned his position as station agent at Pierce's bridge and started for California on last Wednesday. Mr. George E. Foster, son of our veteran police officer is filling the position made vacant by Mr. Farnham's departure.

Mr. James H. Frizelle is kept constantly busy manufacturing his hair pickers. His business has outgrown his present factory, making it rather hard work for him to supply the present demand, for want of room. He has formed definite plans for enlarging his floor space which he intends to carry out in the near future.

Some of the hardest of the wild flowers yet remain with us in spite of three successive nights of frost, but Mr. Frost is a persistently ruthless ruler, and in a very short space of time they will be compelled to bow to his decree, which is always death. Thank God, there is no doubt entertained by anybody regarding their resurrection.

Through the medium of the real estate agency of Mr. C. T. Harrington, one of the most respected citizens of the village and head of the largest and best equipped real estate firm in the city of Boston, Mr. J. N. Taylor of the Boston Globe sold his beautiful residence on the Corner Oakland avenue and Cliff street, Arlington Heights, to Mr. Cyrus E. Dallin of Dorchester who is an eminent sculptor. Mr. Harrington's customers make good neighbors.

On last Tuesday afternoon, a little before five o'clock, the sky towards the western horizon was a large arc of the most vivid colorings and varied shades, made softer and more entrancing by the presence of a large amount of electricity in the air, the view somewhat resembling objects seen through colored glass or within the circle of the rays of a red light at night. This delightful picture was cut off as suddenly as it appeared by the rapid approach of a gale of unusual velocity, forcing a battle on the surrounding trees that threatened their annihilation for a period of about fifteen minutes duration.

Have you seen "professor" Bacon at work on his rustic chairs on the sidewalk in front of his residence on Mass. avenue, the only roof to his workshop being the blue skies of heaven, the circle of the horizon the boundary of his floor space. The "professor" says he does not believe in hiding his light under a bushel and that he would not mind it a bit if somebody should happen along and set up in opposition to him, as he considers it a God-given right of every man to make an honest living regardless of copyrights or patents, or any other kind of original claims, and he assured us he had a ready sale for all the chairs that he puts together in such a natural and rustic yet artistic manner.

Commencing with the next issue of this paper and from time to time afterwards there will appear in this column short contributions from the pen of Wilson H. Fay, who is an earnest and persistent student of science and nature being richly endowed with all the in-born instincts and qualities of the true poet, philosopher and scholar. This feature alone will be worth far more than the subscription price of the paper and everybody in town ought to be a subscriber. Send your subscriptions direct to the Enterprise office at Arlington, or leave your name at the post-office, thereby securing yourself against the chances of missing any of the numbers as the amount for sale on the counters might fall short of the demand. Don't miss a single number.

REGISTRARS' NOTICE.

The Registrars of Voters of the Town of Arlington will meet in session in their room, in the Town house, for the purpose of registering voters, Friday, September 27, 1900, from 7.30 o'clock to 9 o'clock p. m.; on Friday, October 19, 1900, from 7.30 o'clock to 9 o'clock p. m.; on Saturday, October 27, 1900, from 12 o'clock m. to 10 o'clock p. m.; also at Union hall, Arlington Heights, on Wednesday, October 24, 1900, from 7.30 o'clock to 9 o'clock p. m. Registration will cease Saturday, October 27, 1900, at 10 o'clock in the evening, and after the close of registration no name will be entered on the list of voters except as provided by statute.

WILLIAM H. PATTEE,
JOHN W. BAILEY,
WILLIAM A. FITZPATRICK,
B. BELMONT LOCKE,
Registrars of Voters.
Sept. 12, 1900.

BELMONT.

Miss Isabel Bresnan will receive pupils on the pianoforte at her home on Brighton street.

LEXINGTON.

Div. 34. A. O. H., will give a poverty party in Town hall, Wednesday, Nov. 14. Prizes will be given for the most original costumes worn by lady or gentleman.

Nine members of the Lexington Golf club took part in a bogey match on the links on Saturday. F. E. Wood won, being 2 down. The others stood:

Dr. E. C. Briggs	4	C. F. Briggs	8
H. P. Bradford	5	H. B. Thomas	9
F. F. Sherburne	5	G. L. Gilmore	10
W. W. Reid	8	F. B. Taylor	11

The South Middlesex conference held their 104th session in the Unitarian church on Wednesday. The conference opened with a devotional service, and was conducted by the Rev. M. S. Crothers of Cambridge. During this session Unitary church of Natick was admitted to full fellowship. Rev. C. F. Dole of Jamaica Plain gave an address on "Unorganized religious forces," after which there was a discussion, led by Rev. L. B. McDonald of Concord, in which the delegates took part. A large collection was taken up for defraying the expenses of the conference. As the hour of twelve was struck all repaired to the Town hall, where the ladies of the society had prepared a most substantial collation. At two o'clock the conference resumed the debate of the morning, Rev. E. S. Wise taking the lead. The conference throughout was very profitable, and it closed at four o'clock.

(Continued from page 1.)

and enliven the bleak winter months with flutter of wings and cheerful twittering. For who would not protect the little chideades that flutter against our windows in their soft gray coats, joyous as summer butterflies? One person cannot stop it alone. We want the public to take an interest in the matter and help us heart and hand.

WILSON H. FAY.

In writing of the Brockton fair last week we still further said of it, by reason of courtesies shown us, but was crowded out on account of pressing political matters, that this fair is decidedly a Brockton institution, being the growth of 30 years, and belonging not to the county of Plymouth, but solely to the city herself, being patronized of course in many ways by the country at large, for it is remembered that the fame of this fair has gone abroad throughout all the land. Well, these autumn fairs are the most democratic gatherings in all the wide world, for here the high and the low, and the rich and the poor meet together on one common level. In character and tone they are cosmopolitan. While we are always interested at these fairs in the races and in the bicycle contests and the balloon ascensions and shooting at the darkey's head at five cents for six shots and in the girl in tights as she turns those graceful somersaults and in the agricultural exhibits, and so on to the end of the list, yet we are still more interested in the people themselves. It does us good that men and women and boys and girls can come together at least once a year and have a good time under the open sky and in the clear, genial and softened light of these October days without having to beg anybody's pardon for so doing. It is refreshing, and to us a most enjoyable sight, to gaze upon the honest country boy and his blooming-cheeked girl as they go leisurely wandering about hand in hand on these fair grounds, eating popcorn or chewing peppermint gum. Now don't think we are attempting to make fun of such an exhibition of simple, rustic love. Indeed, in such we see the hope of the future. Ah, this rural love! We do not forget that it was

"Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay,"

neither do we forget that

"She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown."

We'll venture that our country boy and his girl at the fair will never have occasion in the years to come to say:

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

No, no, for at these annual gatherings many a plighted word is given never to be broken.

And then on these occasions of which we write comes the millionaire with his jeweled wife, and his gay trotter, of which he thinks nearly as much as he does of his diamond wife.

Yes, all classes are represented on the average fair ground. We ought to say of the Brockton fair grounds that they are pleasantly situated and are sufficiently ample for the 50,000 or more daily attendance. And then these grounds have one of the most picturesque groves, the attractions of which we sampled under the most delightful conditions.

There are a thousand other things which we ought to write of the Brockton fair, but we have neither time nor space to do so. It is perhaps enough to say that everybody knows of this annual gathering of the Brocktonites and their army of friends. We must, however, speak an enthusiastic word of Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Millett, who so pleasantly entertained us at their home. Dr. Millett is one of the leading physicians of Brockton. He believes in the sunshine, in the pure, life-giving atmosphere and in good water, and these three essential elements of health enter as pronounced factors into the "Asa Millett sanatorium," an institution of his founding and management at East Bridgewater. The doctor is a live man and well up with the latest in his profession. Mrs. Millett by descent is an Arlington woman. Our enjoyment at the Brockton fair was made doubly enjoyable by the welcome and hospitality given us by Dr. Millett and his attractive and accomplished wife. No wonder that we are shouting "Long live the Brockton fair!"

THE CITY AND THE SEA.

To none the city bends a servile knee.
Proud and scornful on her heights she stands.

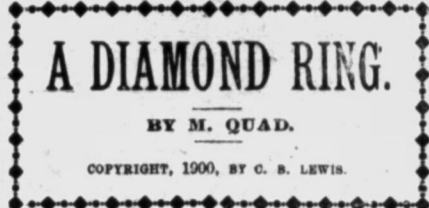
And at her feet the great white moaning sea
Shoulders incessantly the gray gold sands.
One, the Almighty's child since time began,
And one, the might of Mammon, born of clods,
For all the city is the work of man,
But all the sea is God's.

And she, between the ocean and the town,
Lies cursed of one and by the other blest,
Her staring eyes, her long, drenched hair, her gown

Sea laved and soiled and dark above her breast.
She, image of her God, since life began:

Life, but the might of Mammon, born of clods,
Her broken body, spoiled and spurned of man,
But her sweet soul is God's.

—E. Pauline Johnson ("Tekahewawe") in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.



If any one had told my friends that I was possessed of the slightest spark of romance at the age of 45, the information would have been received as a base canon. A bachelor of that age who has drifted about with all sorts of people and bumped up against all sorts of adventures is pretty sure to have had all romance knocked out of him. He thinks more of his hat than his heart and more of his pipe than the female sex. Yes, I was a hardheaded, practical man, and had the most beautiful woman on earth attempted a flirtation with me I should have scowled her down. That was the sort of man I was, and I gloried in it, but alas, no man can tell just what day of the week he is going to fall over his own feet and make an ass of himself.

On a certain Tuesday I took a train at Elmer Junction for London, and as there were but few passengers I had a compartment to myself. I had been busy with a newspaper for half an hour when I noticed a small package lying under the opposite seat. I found it a plain pasteboard box and was prepared to find a specimen of free chewing gum or a new brand of troches inside. It was something different, however. It was a lady's diamond ring



made up of five stones of the purest water, and on the inside were the initials "B. P." The ring was a double hoop of gold and had probably been made to order. It was lying loosely in the box, and the box had once contained steel pens. I argued that it must have been some careless person who carried a valuable ring around in that fashion and that it had been lost by a passenger who had left the train at the junction.

I am only a fairly honest man. My first idea was to keep the ring to my own profit, but I remembered that I was known to the railway porter and that the property might be traced to me. If not strictly honest, I am prudent, and I therefore gave up the idea of converting the ring. I would hold it for a reward, however. That bauble must have cost at least \$600 and was perhaps valued beyond price as a gift. I figured that I ought to get \$100 out of it, and I figured just what I would do with that extra money. Half an hour later I felt a curious sensation stealing over me. I began to feel sentimental. I began to connect that dear little ring with a dear little blond haired, blue eyed girl. I got up and kicked myself three times and called myself a fool, but the feeling did not go away. To my astonishment and indignation I found it growing stronger, and before I knew it the grip of romance had got me by the neck.

I was a man of leisure, though I had no great amount of money to my credit. I would hunt up the owner of that ring, and if all things went well I would marry her. I settled on that even as I kicked myself again. Common sense told me that I might better fall in love with the old apple woman at the Waterloo terminus, but when romance takes hold common sense has to let go. For a week I watched all the papers, but the ring was not advertised. This seemed to prove to me that the loser was either rich and indifferent to her loss or that for some reason the loss had not yet been discovered. Romance made me anxious, and I therefore went to the expense of advertising in five different papers. I simply stated that a diamond ring had been found on a railroad train and asked the loser to correspond.

Inside of three days I received about 150 letters in reply. They came from all sorts of places and from all sorts of people. The number of stones was given all the way from one to ten, and almost every railroad in the kingdom was mentioned. The 150 writers were fakes and liars, and the true loser had not answered me. I was a bit nettled at this neglect on her part. She was not meeting my romance half way. I advertised a second time, and this time I gave date and day and train. Again I got a peck of letters, and at least half of them were from people who had answered before.

As none of them could describe the ring I was no better off than before. Indeed I was worse off. A railway official wrote me that in keeping an article of value found on the line I had made myself a thief and that he would take great pleasure in seeing me behind the bars.

I was now in love with the loser of that ring. Sentiment had a firm grip on me, and I got all sorts of silly notions into my head. I must see the affair to the end at whatever cost, and the end must be my marriage with the fair haired Beatrice. That was the name I gave her, and I put her age at 13 without stopping to reflect that I was probably as old a man as her father. A third crop of advertisements went out. This time I called it a hoop ring, and I got 200 replies from losers of hoop rings. In sending out the fourth batch of advertising I described the ring with the exception of the initials. The replies numbered over 400. I also got something beyond replies. A detective followed me to my lodgings and was insulting enough to ask:

"Look here, old man, what sort of a game are you trying to play on the public with that ring?"

"None of your business," I replied in my anger at finding I had been dogged.

"But it is my business," he insisted. "I don't exactly twig your lay, but I'll have an eye on you for the next few weeks and be prepared to make it hot for you."

"If you want to know who I am, go to Brown & Brown, solicitors."

"I'll find out soon enough without any help from them."

For half an hour after he had gone I was too put out to feel much romance, but as I cooled off it came gently stealing back, and I was more than ever determined to find my unknown love. With that independence which should characterize the actions of a fairly honest man I advertised for the fourth time. This time I asked "B. P." to communicate with me in case she had lost anything. There were just 107 "B. P." answers, but among them I selected one which appeared to be genuine. This "B. P." had lost a double hoop diamond ring containing five stones. It had been lost on a railroad train and was a birthday gift from a dead mother. I was asked to call at the chambers of a certain solicitor to have the ring further identified. There is nothing romantic about calling on a solicitor. I had been in hopes to be invited to a Sloan square mansion of a grand country seat, and I was disappointed. It was quite possible, however, that the blond haired heiress would be at the solicitor's and that all would be well, and so I was on hand at the appointed hour. So was a stern faced and aggressive looking householder, together with a slick looking villain whom I at once spotted for a detective and a young woman whose hair was red instead of blond. The ring was speedily identified by the stern faced man and red headed girl. "B. P." was Bertha Perkins, and her father and her maid were before me. Perkins was a country squire, and on the night previous to my finding the ring his daughter's jewels had been stolen. The hoop ring was part of the plunder.

Of course I was ready to hand over the ring, but it wasn't to stop there. That red headed maid was sure she recognized me as the man who was hanging about the grounds a few hours before the robbery, and that villain of a detective was only too glad to snap the handcuffs on my wrists and hurry me off to jail. It took me three days to prove myself a respectable character and an alibi. They had to give me my liberty, but it was grudgingly done, and the detective said he'd have an eye on me all the rest of my days. The romance had departed when I was locked up. I came out of jail determined on securing reparation. Old Perkins had helped the red headed girl to conclude that I was the robber, and I went down to his country seat to receive an abject apology or pull his nose. He not only refused an apology, but threatened to kick me off the grounds, and the red headed girl declared that I had a cast in my left eye, and by that cast she would swear to me in any court as a man who would not stop at murder. There was one more thing to be cleared up. I wanted to find out about "B. P." herself. Was she the blond haired, blue eyed girl of my dreams, and was she worthy of my love? I had not long to wait. I was walking from the country seat to the village when a dogcart knocked me down and rolled me all over the road, and the driver halted to call me a tramp and threaten me with the law. The driver was "B. P." Her hair was bleached, her eyebrows colored and her nose turned up. She had a big mouth, bad teeth and milky eyes, and when she drove on she whistled like a man.

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